

THE SELF-ELEVATOR.

WE have determined to put the Golden Key of Success into the hand of every person in the Land, at no matter what cost to ourselves. The possession of that key will cost you a halfpenny a day—a mere nothing—but *that's* not the point. The point is, Can you afford to do without that key?

The Self-Elevator is not an old book; every word of it has been written for you within the last week, and absolutely *no* time has been lost in revising it before going to Press.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a great man. That we willingly admit. He discovered the law of gravitation and made a great name for himself, but Sir ISAAC NEWTON knew little or nothing about Voice-production, Cider-making, Hall-marks on Silver, How to take Stains out of Carpets, or the respective merits of Wood-block or Asphalte Paving. *You*, however, have no excuse. All this is Yours for a halfpenny a day!

MARCUS T. CICERO was, as every schoolboy knows, the greatest scholar of his day, but if he were with us now we very much doubt whether he would command a salary of 30s. per week. What, for instance, did he know of Sanitary Steam Laundries, Shorthand, Dust Destroyers, Septic Tanks, Tonic Solfa, Celluloid Combs, Fret-work for Amateurs, or How to Make and Fake Photographs. Yet *You* may revel in all these things for a halfpenny a day, by getting *The Self-Elevator*. To give one more instance. Let us take

PLATO

received his name from the largeness of

his shoulders. He would in all probability have received a very different name, and that for the largeness of his brain, had he but lived to enjoy the advantages of *The Self-Elevator*. Learned he certainly was, for he lived in an age when there was little to learn. Yet in these days of cheap education how

hero, when they placed NELSON upon a Column in Trafalgar Square. You will find no fewer than *Five Columns* upon Nelson in *The Self-Elevator*.

The Self-Elevator covers the whole of Life, and does not merely touch its fringe. It contains a short History of the World from the beginning of All

Things up to the elevation of Cardiff to the rank of a City, and including the result of the match between the "All Blacks" and the Midland Counties.

THIS IS NOT AN OLD HISTORY.

Every word of it has been written for *you* within the last few days by (perhaps) some of the brightest minds in the Kingdom.

The Self-Elevator will lift you from the humblest position and deposit you upon the highest pinnacle of Fame, and

IT WILL COST YOU NOT A PENNY!
(but a halfpenny, a day.)

We are informed that the Automobile Club, for the purpose of collecting evidence for the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic, has issued a circular to every medical practitioner in the United Kingdom asking for replies to certain questions, including the following one:

"Can you mention any instances where by travelling in excess of the speed limit you reached a patient in time to save life when otherwise you would have arrived too late?"

We suggest a supplementary question to this effect: "Will you kindly state at the same time, in round numbers, how many men, women, children, dogs, etc., you have killed with your motor in the course of these life-saving excursions?"



Mr. Binks. "ONE OF MY ANCESTORS FELL AT WATERLOO."
Lady Clare. "Ah? WHICH PLATFORM?"

ignorant he would appear! PLATO knew nothing about the Manufacture of Glues and Adhesives, Practical Bee-keeping, Dry-rot in Timber, How to read the Gas Meter, or the Duties of the Housemaid. *The Self-Elevator* is a fountain of learning on all these points. And the price? A halfpenny a day!

Our fathers could think of no better way of perpetuating the memory of a

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.

[Adapted from Lord Rosebery's speech at Stourbridge.]

My Liberal brethren, we are on the eve
Of such a boom in styles of long ago
As you might possibly not well believe,
Unless your old friend came and told you so :—
A boom that gratifies us all the more
After the weary slump that went before.

Ask not the warrior blinded with the fight,
Who scarce can gather how the day has gone ;
But rather those that from a distant height
Enjoy the vantage of the looker-on ;
Ask *me*, in fact, who have at leisure brooded
Over the dismal decade just concluded.

I say the Tory citadel is doomed
(I have observed the slain as thick as flies) ;
And from its ashes, when the place is fumed,
I look to see a peerless structure rise ;
Even the phoenix, cited in the fable,
Will stand abashed before that Tower of Babel.

Already I remark that certain folk
Clamour for booty in the by-and-by,
Itching, like *Horner* (*Little Jack*) to poke
Their thumbs within the half-baked Liberal pie ;
It does disgust me when I see a comrade
Showing such greed about a private plum-raid.

For who can gauge our strength when all is done ?
Men cut their clothes according to their stuff,
And our desires may reasonably run
To trousers, yet the cloth be not enough ;
And then our Party—so experience teaches—
Will have to be content with Irish breeches.

One awful heritage we have to face !
England has earned the enmity of some ;
And we must therefore use, to meet the case,
Infinite tact in perils bound to come
As the result—if I foresee the end—
Of making everybody else a friend.

Well, we must try and see the country through
This legacy of danger, nor decline
The claims of pledged affection, though 'tis true
Such things are not in our peculiar line,
Whose forte has ever been to keep the nation
Orbed in a sphere of dazzling isolation.

Further, the Government will have to cope
With the great mass's more immediate needs ;
And here our various leaders rightly hope
To find a common ground in all our creeds ;
It is their dream to have the country fed
Gratis on most enormous blocks of bread.

But, since the people's stomach ill would thrive
If on their nobler parts no care were spent,
We shall, for good example's sake, revive
The pristine dignity of Parliament,
And what of manners used to be the code
When last a Liberal Party set the mode.

Where is that ancient pattern stamped so clear
As in our leaders (few, I grant, but fit),—
REDMOND, the glass of fashion, yet austere ?
LOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON, types of courtly wit ?
Where is the old-world grace more fine and rare
Than that of CAMPBELL-B., the debonair ? O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE JEUNESSE DORÉE OF THE VILLAGE.

LORD GRANVILLE relates (the letter is printed in his *Life*) that when JOHN BRIGHT dined at Osborne he amused Queen VICTORIA by quoting to her his brother's remark :—Where, considering what charming things children are, do all the funny old men come from. For myself I have often wondered how a village child, which is normally a pleasant, cheerful, well-mannered little specimen of its tribe, can ever develop into a thing so obtrusively disagreeable as the hobbledehoy who haunts the village corners on Sunday afternoons and evenings. How this same hobbledehoy ever becomes a steady respectable member of the male community is a matter even more surprising.

It is, as I say, on Sundays, that the members of our *jeunesse dorée* emerge into the light. It is possible that during the working days of the week they are tradesmen's assistants or industrious doers of such other jobs as the village affords ; but it is quite impossible to recognise any traces of a useful and laborious life in the surly Adonises who, with shiny faces, bright and meretricious ties, stiff and inconvenient clothes, creaking boots, and slabs of hair ("quiff" is, I believe, the technical term) plastered down upon their foreheads, infect the Sunday air with their coarse loud jests and their studied air of uneasy defiance to all powers human or divine. There is a butcher's lad with whom I often exchange the salute of courtesy as he drives a high-paced pony along our roads. He smiles, we both smile, as the good-mornings pass between us. He is a courteous youth, and it is a pleasure to receive and acknowledge his greeting. Sometimes, when an unkind fate has forced me to pass a group of the Sunday gilded ones, I have vaguely imagined that in one of the scowling faces I caught some dim familiar marks reminding me of this not unamiable boy. If it be indeed he, I know not why he puts off his courtesy with his working clothes, and why he considers a garment of defiance to be the only suitable wear for one who has belaboured his hair with grease and stuck a straight-cut cigarette between his lips.

The time spent by these young men at their corner is almost inconceivably protracted. It cannot be that they delight one another's thirsty souls with the sparkling waters of intellectual conversation. Coming upon them unawares I have occasionally overheard their remarks, and, if I may infer the whole from the part, I judge that they mostly tell one another that "ELF 'ad a proper ole beano last night ;" or that "ERRY's gal—'er with the nose—fetched 'im a cop o' the jaw ;" or again that "I tole 'im I warn't goin' to 'ave none of 'is lip and when 'e giv me some of 'is back-talk I jest called 'im a blanky mole-ketcher." With the interchange of such light-hearted raileries the hours are sped upon their way ; and, having seen them morosely eyeing the world and one another at 11.30 A.M., you will come upon them in the same attitudes at 3.30 P.M., and again at 6 P.M. It is just possible that they may have budged during the intervals, but, for myself, I do not think they have. Some unearthly messenger, I believe, deposits them there as a living warning during the morning hours, and fetches them away again after their duty is fulfilled and when the rest of the village is wrapped in sleep.

I am told that the country and its villages are losing their interest for the male portion of our youth, and that the towns are overcrowded with those whom the rural parts need. For the *jeunesse dorée* of such villages as I know, nothing, so far as I can judge, has ever had the least semblance of interest (I speak only of Sundays, remember), and no human force could uproot them from their stands at their favourite Sabbath corners. Now and then a soldier or a sailor, a native of our village, comes to us on a visit, and it is not



THE TWO DEMAND NOTES.

RATEPAYER (reading over his letter to "The Times"). "SIR, WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT? ARE WE ALWAYS TO LAG BEHIND PARIS AND BERLIN? WE MUST HAVE IMPROVEMENTS, AT WHATEVER COST!"

THE SAME (later). "WHAT! WANT ME TO PAY A BILL LIKE THAT! I CALL IT SIMPLY MONSTROUS!"
[Becomes incoherent.]



"GOIN' TO SHOOT THIS MORNIN'?"

"NO. FACT IS, I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK SHOOTIN' IS RATHER AN EFFEMINATE AMUSEMENT."

"GOIN' ROUND THE LINKS?"

"MY DEAR CHAP, THAT'S ONE WORSE!"

"WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THEN?"

"WELL, FACT IS I PROMISED TO ARRANGE THE FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER-TABLE TO-NIGHT. THAT OUGHT TO BE RATHER SPORT, WHAT?"

"GOOD! I'LL COME AND HELP YOU."

without amusement that one notices the contrast between the sullen affectations of the *jeunesse* and the simple, breezy carriage of the man who has gone through discipline and learnt a lesson of conduct. Some day, no doubt, the hair-plasterer will be enslaved by a fair and will walk out with her. Eventually he may be married to her, and may forswear the boon companions of his period of gilt. But there are middle-aged men and even old ones who belong to the set, and these are, perhaps, the most dreadful and hopeless of the gang.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Very fine night; as indeed it ought to be, exceptionally fine, for the public appearance of a *Butterfly* in Covent Garden. And let Signor PUCCINI, Messrs. RESDLE and FORSYTH, and every one concerned, be heartily congratulated on the excellent performance of *Madama Butterfly*. Not for one night only by any manner of means, as seats being insufficient for the crowd on Tuesday, the *Butterfly* had, willy-nilly, to come out for another flutter on Thursday last (also is announced for next Thursday's *matinée*), and when or where the *Butterfly* will ultimately settle is a matter for the syndicate, which may consider their "catch of the season" to be this fine Japanese specimen. The house, crammed and jammed, was enthusiastic. The presence of Her Majesty the QUEEN added additional brilliancy to what was already exceptionally brilliant. The staging of Puccini's work was admirable, and Conductor MUKONE has added another note of honour to his operatic score.

As *Cio-Cio-San*, Signora GIACCHETTI, singing and acting well-nigh to perfection, may be described as rendering the little heroine almost great. It cannot be forgotten that Madame DESTINK originally played and sang this part, her singing not being quite on a par with her playing; and to have proved herself a rival of so distinguished an *artiste* may indeed be accounted as something for Signora GIACCHETTI to have achieved. Madame GILBERT-LEJEUNE's *Suzuki* is already well known here; her impersonation had lost nothing of its intensity, nor her voice of its charm. Signor ZENATELLO was good as *Butterfly's* lover, Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.N., but he was not a second CARUSO. The rôle of Mr. Sharpless, U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, was perfectly rendered, both as to singing and acting, by Signor SAMMARCO. Uncommonly fortunate were the United States, at the period of this story, to have possessed such a representative. After Act I, the Fall of the Curtain was followed by a tremendous Rise in the enthusiasm. The *artistes*, every man and woman of them, were true to their calling, and being summoned by the delighted audience at least five times, responded as often and as quickly as if every fresh summons had been a legal one.

The parts of lesser importance—it would be incorrect to describe them in an opera as "the minor parts"—were played and sung excellently. Signorina MANARINI was delightful as Kate Pinkerton; Signor BADA very good as Goko, as also was Signor NIOLA representing *Il Principe Yamadori*, *Butterfly's* rejected lover. From first to last the entire performance of this opera must be recorded as a big success for all concerned, and in our opinion a large share of such success was due to the *Cio-Cio-San* of Signora GIACCHETTI.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. IV.

Aboard L'Hirondelle.—During the day the amusements on board are much the same as on other vessels several times larger. There are Quoits for those who affect that game of skill, and Cricket with a stick and a very soft ball, played in the space between the first and second-class divisions. There are cards, a smoking-room, and a ladies' small saloon with a piano in it. This instrument is apparently patronised by two or three sets independently of one another. "Set A," for example, has its singers, pianists, and audience all complete. During this concert "Set A." has the saloon entirely to itself, and enjoys its own performance. "Set A." having retired, "Set B.," so to speak, "takes the flure," entirely to its own satisfaction, with a totally different entertainment. "Set A." has solo pieces, classical, an occasional solo song, and a duet or two, Italian. "Set B." avoids the classical, indulges in pianoforte duets, solos (English), trios, and boating quartets. If "Set A." listens to "Set B." it must be at a distance outside, as none of that party are in the saloon; and precisely the same thing happens when the "B." tap is turned on.

The remainder of the passengers, sitting out on deck, keep open ears and an entirely open mind.

"Well," says the Captain, smiling, to me on Monday, the second morning of our voyage, "how did you like the Bay of Biscay?"

"You don't mean——"

"Yes I do," returns the Captain. "We were in it yesterday, and we're out of it now. Terrible place, eh?"

"If the Bay ever wants a good character," I say, heartily, "let it come to me."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," says JUDKIN; "remember you've got to get back again."

Better defer final opinion until I am safe at home again.

"Uncommonly pretty country on this side," I say, pointing to the left bank as we enter the mouth of the river Gironde.

"Very," assents the Colonel, after an excellent breakfast.

"But not much t'other side. Prettier still farther up and right away in the distance over there," he adds, directing our attention to a blurred landscape hazily visible in the distance.

"You've been here before?" says JUDKIN inquiringly.

"Been here before!" echoes the Colonel, and then answers his own echo with a most hearty "Rather!" bestowing upon his audience, which gradually increases while he imparts us his information, a knowing look as if he could tell them a thing or two about this country if he liked.

"You know it then, I venture to guess?" says JUDKIN suspiciously.

"Know it!" repeats the Colonel, in a lowered tone of almost affectionate regard. "My dear Sir, I've been here—I and my wife—have been here since—('the Conquest,' murmurs JUDKIN)—well, we've been here at different times ever since I was a small boy."

"At school here?" asks JUDKIN, deferentially.

"No, Sir," answers the Colonel, raising his voice as he quits sentiment and comes to mere statement of fact, "I was at school in England—Rugby and so forth. My parents, who were rather French than English, owned the greater part of that land there," and he scoops a large space out of distant space. "Beautiful woods, capital shooting, and one or two vineyards producing a grape called *Moncail*, which, if it could be grown in any quantity, would give *Lafitte* a second place."

"I never heard of it," I say, with an effort to recall some items on the Club wine list.

The Colonel excuses me. "Very few have heard of it except the natives, or anyone who has travelled all over the place as I have. Delightful recollections!"

"I suppose you haven't been back here for years?" asks a casual listener.

"Not to reside," the Colonel explains, "but to stay here for weeks, or months, every year. I may say of myself, as I said of my parents, I am more French than a Frenchman."

"*Vous en avez l'air, M. le Colonel*," says JUDKIN.

"Quite so," returns the Colonel, glancing at my friend out of the corner of his eye; "the air is perfect, most healthy." JUDKIN coughs drily. "All I ask for is fishing, shooting, boating. In fact, sport."

"What shooting did you get out there?" inquires a tall burly man with little bright inquisitive eyes, turning his gaze in the direction indicated by the Colonel.

"Oh," replies the Colonel, "pretty well all sorts."

"Wild fowl?" asks the big man, earnestly pursuing the subject.

"No end," answers the Colonel, "and not infrequently *Dotterel*, *Snipe*, and a lot of small birds, rather like *Wagtails*, peculiar to this country, which I've never seen anywhere else."

"*Beaucoup de Macreuse*?" inquires JUDKIN.

"They may be so. I'm not quite sure," answers the Colonel guardedly. JUDKIN nudges my elbow to intimate that his next question is only part of an artful scheme.

"And how about *les Roitelets* and *les Choucas*?" JUDKIN wants to know.

"Well, it is not a great place for them," the Colonel, on reflection, must candidly admit.

"*Point de Bécasse*?" asks JUDKIN.

"Aha!" says the Colonel knowingly, but I am inclined to think that he adopts this mysterious manner because he has failed to understand the question, and is rather shy of being forced to request JUDKIN to repeat it.

"Any *Woodcock*?" asks the burly man, deferentially.

"Oh, as to *Woodcock*, now you're talking," replies the Colonel as if the subject had now been mentioned for the first time.

JUDKIN appears amused. So am I, on his subsequently referring me, in strictest confidence, to a list of birds in an old French-English conversation book.

Our Captain has descended the staircase from his observatory and, unnoticed save by two or three of us, is leaning against the capstan, occasionally passing his hand over his lips, while his eyes, on catching those of JUDKIN and myself, give an extra merry twinkle.

The Colonel, unaware of the Captain's proximity, has an audience all eyes and ears. Outside this semi-circle is JUDKIN, with the air of a cynical *Mephistopheles* awaiting an opportunity. Captain TWINKLER appears to be watching the manœuvres of some sea-fowl as illustrating, so he puts it afterwards, various flights of fancy.

"You see," the Colonel is saying to his audience, pointing to a bifurcation of the river, "the stream is divided at that point."

"Where are we now?" asks an interested inquirer.

"Now," returns the Colonel, addressing the casual inquirer in an authoritative tone, "we are in the river Garonne, which is split in two, as it were, by an island—capital shooting and fishing there—where I used to spend my holidays when I was a lad."

"What's the name of that island?" inquires a little scrubby-bearded man, note-book in hand.

"Name?" repeats the Colonel; then, before any one can utter a word, he says, with the air of a man putting a stop to all debate, "its name is *Massidan*, and," he goes on quickly, "it was near there, at a place called *Brives*, that we spent our honeymoon."

"No, not *Brives*, my dear WILLIAM," interrupts, hesitatingly, a gentle voice. It is that of Mrs. Colonel BICKERSTIFF, very much muffled up; both the voice and the lady.

"My dear!" protests the Colonel.

"Brives," continues his wife, very gently, "is beyond *Perigueuz*, a long way."

The Colonel yields at discretion.

"Very likely, my dear," he says, in an offhand manner; then he distracts the attention of his audience from what may prove rather dangerous ground by peremptorily requesting them to notice how the river, which leads to Bordeaux, being divided by a peninsula, has an entirely different name before it has done with us. "There," says the Colonel, indicating the stream just mentioned, "is the *Yon*."

"Not the *Yon*, WILLIAM," pleads his wife.

"Yes, yes," he returns testily, and is about to enlarge on the text, when Captain TWINKLER, indicating the peninsula just mentioned, observes,

"Don't think you've been ashore there for some time, eh, Colonel?"

"Why?" asks the Colonel, turning on him with some asperity.

"Well," answers the Captain, who has unrolled a map, and with the assistance of JUDKIN is keeping it open before him on the capstan (or whatever it may be, as I make no pretence towards special nautical accuracy), "the river *Yon* is a precious long way behind us, and *Brives* is half again as far ahead of us."

"Is that so?" asks the Colonel suspiciously.

"There's no contradicting the chart," returns the Captain, apologetically.

The Colonel admits the authority, and having examined the map he hands it back to Captain TWINKLER.

"And where are we now?" sternly puts in the big burly man, who a few minutes ago had been subserviently inquiring about *Woodcock*, with a look towards the Colonel, and in a tone that gives us all clearly to understand that his confidence in the Colonel has been rudely shaken.

"Well," says Captain TWINKLER deliberately, and giving the map as corroborative evidence, "we are now in the river *Gironde*. We've passed *Royan*, which serves as a sort of Brighton to Bordeaux; that's where they get the excellent little fish, *Royans*. At that point," which he indicates with his finger, pointing it out in the distance, "jutting out some way ahead of us, the *Gironde* becomes the *Garonne*, on the Bordeaux side, and the *Dordogne* on the *Boury* side."

"Yes, that's the division, of course," exclaims the Colonel emphatically, yielding to the weight of evidence against his previous assertions. Then, genially, addressing the few left of the crowd who but twenty minutes ago had been ready to pin their faith on him, the Colonel says, "Impossible not to get names and



Foreigner (who has "pulled" badly, and hit his partner in a tender spot). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR! MY CLOB—HE DECEIVED ME!"

places a bit mixed up when one is constantly on the move."

But the confidence of even the most stalwart has been hopelessly undermined, and one by one they desert him and walk towards the other end of the vessel. JUDKIN and self remain. The Captain addresses Mrs. Colonel and her husband. "Nothing easier," says the Captain, consolingly, "than to get names a bit wrong now and then. Maybe Madame and you, Sir, would like to refresh your memory with the maps? We shall be in before dinner time."

"At Bordeaux?" asks Madame.

"Yes, certainly," answers the Captain. Whereupon with many expressions of gratitude the Colonel declines, for the present, to avail himself of the chance of putting his geography in order before landing, as he would rather bestow all his care on his luggage, in case, as he says, "our good friends should arrive suddenly, when, by permission of the Douane, we might be able to leave the

ship to-night." And as the unexpected happens and the good friends arrive, Col. BULLY and Mrs. BICKERSTIFF are enabled, by the kind offices of Captain TWINKLER on their behalf with the Douane, to take their departure within an hour of their arrival at Bordeaux. Subsequently everybody goes ashore for the avowed purpose of stretching their legs, returning between ten and midnight, considerably fatigued by the operation, but much delighted with the brightness of the town, the Cafés, the Restaurants, and such amusements as are going on in Bordeaux.

Still more Commercial Candour.

A NORTHAMPTON tradesman gives prominence to the following notice:—"No person can be supplied with fireworks under thirteen years of age."

After so fair a warning the purchaser has only himself to blame if these antiquities refuse to go off.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LIVELY SCHOOLMASTER.

October 25.—Have just read WELLS's article in the *Westminster Gazette*. Yes, there is no doubt about it, we are a dull lot and largely responsible for the stupidity and inefficiency of our pupils. Still, it is never too late to mend; I am only twenty-nine, and surely not too old to cultivate the vivacity and independence which are bound to react upon the boys in my form. I have decided, therefore, to remodel my life, conduct, and teaching on the general principles indicated by WELLS, and henceforth it will be my aim,

- (1) To become an Authentic Man.
- (2) To eschew the obvious and conventional in dress.
- (3) To proclaim my adhesion to Socialist principles.
- (4) To affront public opinion at least once a week.
- (5) To cultivate a vivid and "prehen-sile" style.
- (6) To forswear fly-fishing and take to flying-machines instead.
- (7) To write a good and lurid novel.

October 26.—One must make a beginning, and I made it to-day. Went into early school in knickerbockers and a frock-coat. Slight *émeute* amongst the form, which I soon quelled by handing round a box of cigarettes, and observing that, as *Livy* was a dull dog, I proposed to devote the hour to reading extracts from the *Memoirs of Casanova*. Complete success of the experiment. Occupied the last quarter of an hour in explaining to the form the duties of the Authentic Man, and the stimulating effect of a life of crime. Hearing, however, at breakfast in common room that the Headmaster had got wind of what I had done, resumed my normal garb for 10 o'clock school and exacted a pledge of secrecy from the form. How contemptible are these evasions! But one must go slow at first. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

October 28.—This being a half-holiday I went up to look on at a house-match and created some excitement by booing at intervals and crying out "Muddled oafs!" Evidently, however, the boys really approved of my criticisms, for I distinctly heard one of them reply to one of my sallies, "Good old *Raffles*!" *Raffles*, as I subsequently learned, is a successful gentleman burglar in a favourite work of fiction, so that the compliment was obvious.

Took preparation in the evening and named a boy for addressing me as "Sir," explaining that I preferred to be called by my Christian name or, if they preferred it, *Raffles*.

October 29.—Sunday. Obtained leave of absence and went up to town, where I marched in a Socialist procession,

lectured in Hyde Park, and dined at an Anarchists' Club in Soho. Travelled back first-class with a third-class ticket as a protest against the cowardly conformity of a sophisticated civilisation. On reaching my rooms, feeling that my style was growing more prehensile, sat down and began upon my novel. Before going to bed, wrote an anonymous letter to the Headmaster telling him that he was a lifeless twaddler, whose grovelling deference to decorum was as dangerous as it was disgusting.

October 30.—Went into morning school without a collar. Enlarged on the moral of the phrase *splendide mendax* which occurred in the HORACE lesson, pointing out that while it was permissible to be strictly truthful in small matters, lying, to be efficient, must be on a large scale, and that in the noble words of WELLS, in these days "an unblemished record was mere evidence of the damning burial of a talent of life." Read aloud to the form the opening pages of my novel, *In Quest of Crime*, in which the hero commits bigamy while still at a private school. My young auditors were strangely silent, but applauded the poem which the hero recites on his eleventh birthday, ending: "Down with the crumbling fabric of the ages, Down with the Old Creed, and up with the New."

October 31.—Pioneers must always be martyrs. At second school to-day I found a round robin on my desk signed by all the form. It was short but very much to the point. "Dear *Raffles*," it ran, "we like your cigarettes and can put up with your clothes, but if you are going to give us any more of that rotten novel we shall simply let the Head Beak know all about your goings on. There are occasions, as you have told us, on which it is permissible to tell the truth." Informed the boys that I would let them have my answer to-morrow. Wrote at length to WELLS explaining the situation and asking him for advice by wire.

November 1.—No wire from WELLS. Distributed copies of *The Clarion* and *Justice* in the quadrangle after tea. Dined with the Headmaster. Took the opportunity of asking his wife if she had ever loved unwisely. She bridled and said, "Really, Mr. Jopp, you do say such extraordinary things!" but evaded my question.

November 4.—Received letter from WELLS—really most offensive. He says: "I am afraid that little good can be expected from your belated and isolated experiment. Besides, your respectable antecedents and unblemished record render you quite unfitted to assume the rôle of a hierophant of antinomianism. Your style, again, is almost as non-prehensile as that of Mr. GILKES of Dulwich, and, in short, I cannot honestly encourage you

to head a rebellion against that dulness in which you are obviously steeped to the lips. Boys who are to be free, masterly men, must hear free men talk freely of religion, of philosophy, of conduct. You are at best the semi-serf of a vicious tradition, and had better either resign the attempt of your mastership." Confound the fellow! If he was within reach he'd soon find that my style was prehensile enough!

November 5.—Announced to my form abandonment of experiment. Burned WELLS in effigy.

SOCIETY CHATTER.

(From the "Side Glancer"—with which is incorporated "Back Stares.")

SOME HOUSE PARTIES.

THERE were a good many house parties for Midchester Races. Unfortunately, the particularly cheery one at Larkington was by way of being marred by the bad form of an outsider. He was only invited for his Bridge-playing; but outsiders are never safe. One evening, when everyone was tired, too, with playing catch in the passages, he began to hold forth about the Empire and its Defence, of all stodgy, middle-class subjects! Lord LARKINGTON apologised to his guests later, and it seems the person left next day.

At Rippintowers very good fun was enjoyed one evening, when everyone put on pinafores and bowled hoops up and down the picture-gallery. Mr. "Baby" St. AUBYN, whose colt "Rotter" had won the Midchester Cup in the afternoon, showed splendid form with his hoop.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING.

There is no doubt Hoop-bowling has caught on. Indeed, it is by way of becoming quite an obsession with some people. Many smart women are having dresses built specially for it. The most *chic* is a sort of Bloomer dress, in fine cloth or velvet; tall bronze boots are worn with it; and gauntlet gloves and a baby-boy's hat complete a costume in which a pretty woman, with nice feet and ankles, looks really "devy."

Lady THISTLEDOWN is doing a long rest-cure. Everyone sympathises so with her over the regrettable conclusion of *Thistledown v. Thistledown and Hurlingham*. A good deal of indignation is felt at the merciless cross-examination she underwent at the hands of Mr. LASHIER, K.C., which is directly responsible for the fainting fits she has suffered from since. Lady THISTLEDOWN, who is one of the prettiest and most popular women in Society, will pay a round of visits when her rest-cure is completed, and will then go to Cairo for the season.



ILL-CONSIDERED.

"BIN INSPECTIN' O' THEM NOO PRIZE COTTAGES. THEY AIN'T NO GOOD! IBON BANISTERS TO THE STAIRS: 'OW DO THEY EXPECT YER TO BE ABLE TO LIGHT THE FIRE WITH THEM? AN' BILLY 'ERE—AND 'IM SO GIVEN TO PRIZIN' UP THE FLOOR-TILES AND THINGS IN 'IS LEISURE HOURS—WHY, THEY'VE PUT 'EM IN WITH CEMENT! 'OW'S HE TO GIT THEM OUT? WHY, THEY'D BREAK THE FORE CHILD'S 'ART!"

A ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

Smart Whispers is quite wrong in speaking of Captain "DOLLY" DE LACY as the fiancé of Lady "DICKIE" SANDYS, Lord and Lady RAMSGATE's pretty daughter. It is to Lady "DICKIE's" grandmother, Popsy, Lady RAMSGATE, that the popular young Guardsman is engaged. The happy couple have been overwhelmed with "congrats." by their hosts of friends. They were dining at Fitz's the other night, Popsy, Lady RAMSGATE, looking radiant in a picture frock, with some pretty bits of jewellery, and her hair dressed in the new *bébé* style.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE.

Though Society is scattered up and down the land, there are quite a good many people in town just now. The Duke of DUNSTABLE was alighting from a hansom at the entrance of the Senior Fogeys' the other day, and paying the cabman with half-a-crown, or a two-shilling piece, I can't be sure which, but I think the latter. TRIXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, was whizzing along Piccadilly on her motor-cycle, with Captain MASHEM in the trailer. (By the way, her action for libel against *The Planet* for mentioning her, in describing her grand-

son's coming-of-age festivities, as the Dowager-Countess, will not come on, a settlement having been effected.)

Mrs. "CROPPY" VAVASSOR, in smartest black with something pinky in her toque, was shopping in Bond Street; and quite a number of smart women were at OLGA FITON's, looking at some simple little day-frocks she is showing at quite absurdly low prices (from forty guineas upwards), and at her novelties in cigarette-jackets, chatting-coats, and other pretty-pretties.

DANCING PEOPLE.

Mrs. "BOSH" TRESVILLYAN's little impromptu dance in Hill Street the other night was quite a cheery affair; indeed, she is making quite a little reputation for these "spur-of-the-moment" parties. Though the invitations were only sent out the day before, and simply consisted of postcards with "Come and twirl" on them, everything was quite beautifully done, the dancing-rooms and supper-room being made pretty with red and white "mums." It was quite a "boy-and-girl" dance, no one much over fifty being present.

The "Hopeless Sufferers" are to be aided by a Fancy Head Dance next week, which promises to be a very smart affair.

Several hostesses will give "Hopeless Sufferers" dinners, and will take on parties.

THE INDUSTRIOUS HEN.

["The Swiss village of Zolingen, in the Canton of Aargau, was decorated with flags yesterday in honour of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg."—*Daily Express*.]

HER thousandth egg! To what a height

May perseverance mount!

Did she with this result in sight

Maintain a careful count?

Nay, rather let us think of her

As careless of applause,

And heedless of the civic stir

Her industry might cause.

Could any hen foresee the fame

A feat like this would bring?

I'm confident no fowl could claim

To think of such a thing.

Like that of SCOTT's *Last Minstrel* one

With truthfulness may say,

This surely must have been an "Unpremeditated Lay!"

AN INFECTIOUS ALIEN.—From *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury's* "For Sale" Column.—"Spotted Dalmatian doctor's carriage Dog; cheap."



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 4.

HOWEVER, FORTUNE AT LENGTH FAVOURS THE BRAVE, AND A LUCKY SHOT (!) BRINGS DOWN HIS FIRST STAG.

AFTER THE LONG VACATION.

DULL earth, dull sky, a world forlorn
Of Nature's rich Autumnal hues;
No chant of birds at early morn,
No meadows bright with glistening
dews;
No lowing kine upon the lea,
Wherever that may be.

Vista of chimneys, rain-wet roofs,
Of slippery streets and swaying vans;
The hoot of horns, the clang of hoofs,
Rattle of chains and milkmen's cans;
The steady swish of wheel-flung slime
That hits you every time!

And this is London—this the spot
That, just a week ago, I swore
Outclassed with ease the fairest grot
That ever faced a classic shore,
Whose air (I said) for giving tone
Surpassed the raw ozone.

Præneste (better known as Deal)
And Tibur (sometimes called Herno
Bay)

I wearied of; I ceased to feel
The charm of three full meals a day;
Those early hours of healthful rest
Became a perfect pest.

Then I arose betimes to lave
My shining shoulders in the sea,

Or in a scarlet surcoat drive
The whistling cleek-head from the tea;
Or launched my bark upon the brine,
When it was nice and fine.

And when September drew to an end
And wood and coppice ruddier
gleamed,
I stayed in Berkshire with a friend;
(How long the Long Vacation seemed!)
And fished for perch and sometimes shot
A rabbit for the pot.

He and his wife both exercised
Arts that I scarcely could resist;
They gave a dance and organised
A concert, and Progressive whist;
But still a sense of vague unrest
Harried their homesick guest.

And when I said to them "Good-bye,
The 24th will soon be here;
The Courts will open then, and I
For business reasons must appear,"
They both expressed profound regret,
But didn't seem upset.

O brief delight too swiftly sped,
O disillusionment profound!
I mark the leaden skies o'erhead,
I note the dreariness around,
And lor! (methinks) I was a flat
To hurry back like that.

Yonder the "sunward sailing cranes"
In Aldwych Street swing far and near;
The latest Music Hall refrains
Are whistled rudely down my ear;
Competing cocoa shops exude
Odours of steamy food.

The motor-'bus goes tootling by,
The hoardings make a braver show;
All the old sights and sounds that I
Desired so much a week ago
Are calling me, and yet somehow
I don't enjoy them now.

I want the smell of fallen leaves,
The windy upland's wide expanse,
The robin perched upon the eaves,
The winter gnats that whirl and dance,
The high wind singing through the
trees,
And the ensuing sneeze.

O Human Nature, dark, bizarre,
Still wanting what it hasn't got,
What discontented things we are,
When thou dost call; but there, I'm
not
Fit to philosophise: instead
I think I'll go to bed.

ALGOL.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.—
"Try, try, try again."



THE SENSATIONAL PRESS.

BELLONA. "RUN AWAY, LITTLE BOYS, RUN AWAY! I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP."





LIFE'S LITTLE DETAILS.

The New Squire's Wife. "AND DO YOU ENJOY GOOD HEALTH GENERALLY?"

Cottager. "AY, MUM, I BE WONDERFUL 'EALTHY; NEVER 'AD A DOCTOR AN' NEVER 'AD BUT ONE DAY'S ILLNESS IN M' LIFE. AN' IT'S RESOLUTION WOT DOES 'IT. NOW THERE'S BLOATERS; THEM THINGS I BE PARTIC'LAR FOND OF, BUT I 'ARDLY EVER EATS 'EM. WHEN I WAS UP ALONG O' CAP'N BANGS OUT 'ERE AT MUDDYBANK ABUILDIN' 'IS 'OUSE, THAT'S WHEN I ATE A BLOATER FUR DINNER, AN' IF YOU B'ELIEVES ME I DIDN'T EAT NOWT TILL SUPPER TH' NEXT NIGHT. IT DIDN'T AGREE SOME'OW, AN' IT WOR" (with great emphasis) "YEARS AFORE I ATE ANOTHER, AN' THAT WAS IN 'SIXTY-TWO!"

EVENINGS OUT.

The Lyric.—*The Blue Moon*, which has been shining here for some considerable time, might now well be known as *The Full Moon*, seeing that the house is crowded at every performance. Among the "stars," Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN as *Moolraj*, idol-maker and marriage-broker, shines brilliantly, as does Mr. WALTER PASSMORE representing *Private Charlie Taylor*, with a marvellous "crocodile song" and dance. The special operatic "constellations" are Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, Miss CARRIE MOORE and Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, while there are any number of merry twinklers, celestial bodies, and equally celestial no-bodies that add to the general brilliancy of the Lyric firmament.

Prince of Wales's.—*Lady Madcap* is still apparently in her *première jeunesse*. The capital songs and dances having been going so long, it is a wonder that they have not gone off altogether long ago. But Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, who recently professed to be about to give up this sort of entertainment, knows exactly how, where, and when to renew youth wherever alterations and repairs may be required. The work is the production of one PAUL RUBENS, in three parts; associated with our sporting Colonel, NEWNHAM DAVIS, and the poetical PERRY

GREENBANK. PAUL RUBENS is not a writer of whom it can ever be said that he does things by halves, yet in this instance he has done half "the book," half the lyrics, and *all* the music! And though the name of RUBENS is indelibly associated with the painter's art, yet here the brilliantly effective scenery is the handiwork of the brilliantly effective Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and J. HARKER.

G. P. HUNTLEY, as *Oroya Brown*, is immense; GEORGE CARROLL is capital as *Corporal Ham*; and the humorous singing of MAURICE FARKOA has lost none of its great popularity. Mr. R. ST. GEORGE is very funny as the *Old Family Butler*. Miss ZENA DARE plays, sings and dances *The Madcap* to perfection; "What woman dares, ZENA dare!" *Susan* is a (GABRIELLE) RAY of light comic opera; Miss KATHLEEN WARREN as *Mrs. Layton*, the wife of the Colonel, is everything that a Colonel could wish for; and there yet remains to be mentioned somebody Elsie (Miss LILY ELSIE), who plays *Gwenhydd* with any amount of "go."

"Murder as a Fine Art."

"THE art of taking life easily is to have —'s Rich Cream Toffee."—*Advt. in Liverpool Echo.*

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. II.—HOW TO TRAVEL BY RAIL.

RAILWAY travelling is a diversion of comparatively modern growth. In the days of Queen ELIZABETH, for instance, nobody thought of indulging in it, but during the last century the taste for this amusement assumed such alarming proportions that the State had to step in and insist upon a special Act of Parliament being passed before any single new railway could be constructed. This law, however, does not apply to switch-backs.

It is a well-known fact that when once the first step has been taken nothing can stop the passion for railway travelling. Notwithstanding the large yearly loss of life and limb contingent on this recreation, almost every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom or elsewhere habitually travels by rail, and there is, therefore, no reason why a short treatise on the subject of how to travel properly should not be penned, seeing that the public appetite is now beyond control.

It is needless to say that a large and popular literature has grown up around such a popular form of amusement. Excellent recreative reading is provided by *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and the novice should provide himself with a copy of this entertaining work. In spite of its light and airy style it is a masterly treatise, and fresh editions are called for and eagerly taken up once a month all the year round. They are usually issued in paper covers, but there is no reason why one copy should not last a life-time if re-bound and kept on a dust-proof shelf. It might be as well, then, to acquire one by purchase, and the price charged is not excessive; but if the incipient traveller is not an habitual book buyer, he might order a copy to be included in his next parcel from Mudie's.

Having acquired your *Bradshaw* and read up the subject, let us suppose that you wish to make a trial journey from London to Southampton. A very good train for the purpose starts from Waterloo—the station, not the battlefield of that name—at ten minutes to five, and, after a short stop at Winchester for afternoon tea, arrives at Southampton at twenty minutes to seven, or thereabouts. You decide, then, to travel by this train, and nothing is easier if you know how to set about it.

First engage a cab to take you to the station. This process has been fully described in a former paper. When you arrive at the station yard, a subordinate official called a "porter," and attired accordingly, will come forward to welcome you on behalf of the railway company, and will assist the cabman to lift your

luggage off the roof. He will say, "Where for?" and you will reply without hesitation, "Southampton," for his enquiry will not be dictated by mere curiosity, but will arise from a sincere desire to assist you. You will now pay your cabman and get as quickly as possible out of earshot of his consequent remarks.

Your next objective will be the ticket office. This is a little hole in a wall, on the further side of which a member of the peerage, shielded from attack by a barrier of wood and wire, is privileged to charge a large price for a tiny slip of cardboard which another official will take from you at the end of your journey. Say in an audible but not stentorian voice, "Southampton, single," and, if he is not engaged at the moment in conversation with a brother peer and is satisfied with your appearance he will name a sum of money which you must be prepared to pay without demur, for it is useless to try and bargain with him. There will be a shelf in front of you on which to place your money, and on it probably a small brass plate with an inscription requesting you to examine your change before leaving. You will comply carefully with this request. The people behind you who also wish to take tickets will behave with wonderful patience while you go thoroughly into the matter.

Once seated in the comfortable little room, a series of which composes the so-called "train" in which you are to make your journey, your duty will be to make yourself agreeable to your fellow-travellers. This may be done in several ways. One of them is by affable conversation. If there should happen to be an old gentleman seated opposite to you who has supplied himself with a collection of evening papers in one of which he has immersed himself, open the ball with some remark bearing on the prevailing climatic conditions, and do not be deterred from pursuing the subject by a grunt in lieu of an answer, or an apparent disinclination on his part to encourage you. Your reward will come when he gathers up his belongings at Winchester and beats a hasty retreat, leaving his seat vacant for you to put your feet upon for the remainder of the journey. Take care, also, to be politely firm with regard to such matters as raising or lowering the window next to you. The right attitude will assure your having your way without recourse to physical force, but it might be as well to run your eye over the proportions of your fellow-travellers before determining to set your own inclinations against the combined will of the rest of them.

A last word of warning is necessary as to carriages labelled "Smoking." If you are not a tobacco-smoker do not

select one of these. The railway company's favourite penalty of a sum not exceeding forty shillings is not enacted if you do not smoke in these carriages, neither are you required to go back to the place from which you started and pay two counters into the pool. But you will have no right to object to the fumes of your neighbours, and this may annoy you. A penalty is insisted on if you allow a natural inclination to cut the seats and cushions of the carriage with a knife to get the mastery over you. You will find a notice under the hat-rack expressing in strong terms the company's dislike of this practice. It is well to take heed of this, for, the law being what it is at present, you must be prepared to put up with these petty restrictions, or you may find yourself in trouble.

THE RIVIERA "PETITE VITESSE."

(Trente-et-quarante h.-p.)

[It is announced that a Vanguard Motor-Omnibus is prepared to take passengers to Mentone.]

Conductor. Riveerer, Monty Carlo, Bordigheery, Lusserne, Youngfraw—come on, lydy—'igher up!

Old Lady (on curb). Do you go near Cairo, conductor?

Conductor. No, lydy; tyke a char-à-bank to Marseilles and change into a "Pharaoh." (Rings bell.)

Irritable Passenger (handing fifty-pound note). One to Naples.

Conductor. We ain't for Naples. You should have tyken a "Vesuvius" at Victoria.

I. P. (furiously). You told me the Italian Lakes and Calabria when I got on!

Conductor. An' awl for fifty pun'! (With painful politeness) Cawn't we tyke you on to Haustria, Constanternope, the 'Oly Land and Siberier?

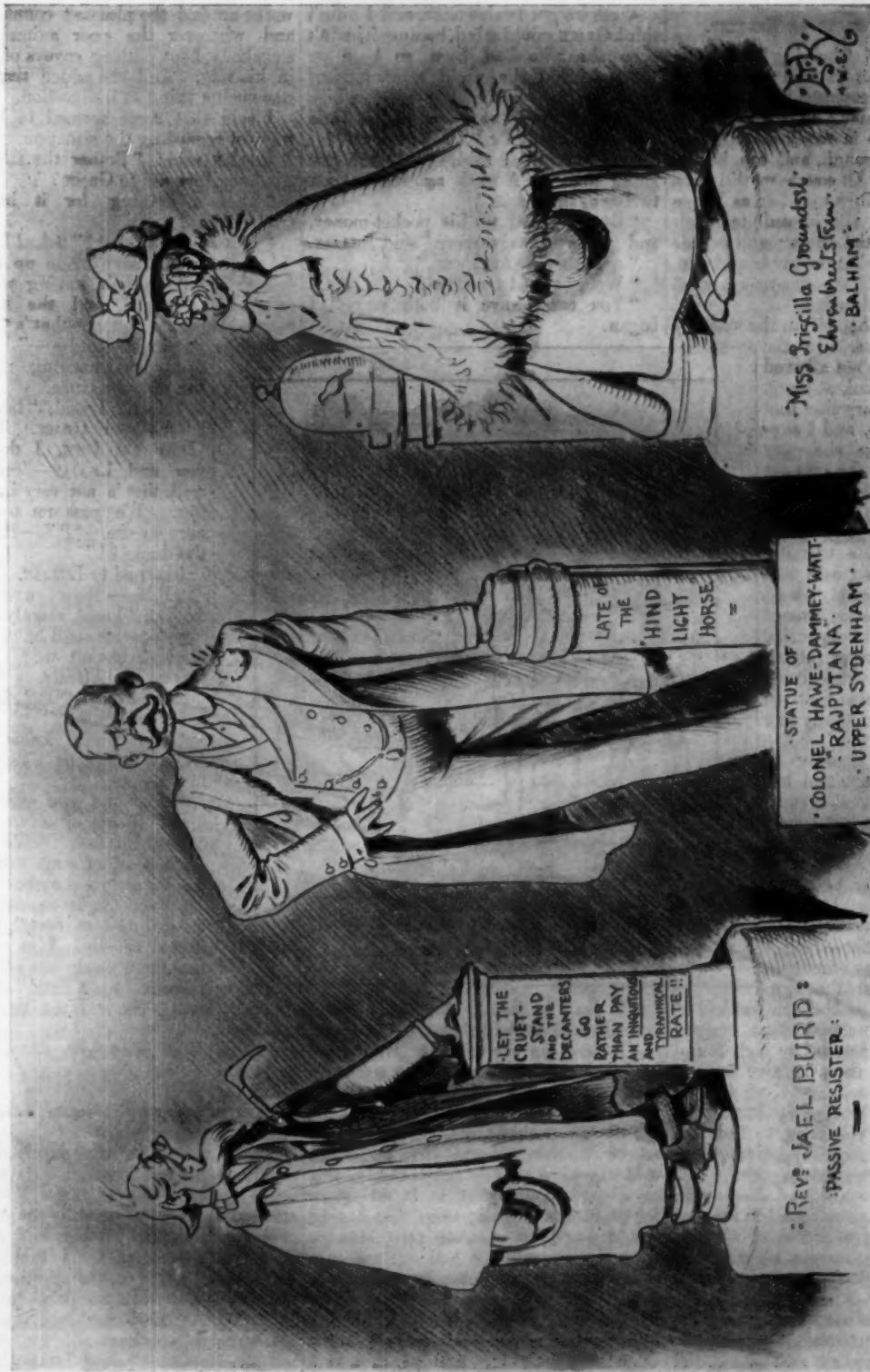
Driver (puffing smoke genially across passengers). And Pawt Arthur? Tell 'im we don't touch Asier or Afriker this journey.

Young Mother (with infant on lap). One to Mentony. Put me down at the corner.

Conductor. Another twenty-five pun', lydy! Must py for the child. (Shouts to passing pedestrian) Bernese Halps, Monte Roser, Milan, Riveerer! Awl the wy, fifty pun'! (To passengers) Move up there—room for wun on the left. 'Ere, this 'ere's a bad tenner!

Passenger. I got it at a confectioner's in Bulgaria.

Conductor. Well, you'd better give it back where yer got it, then. And that aint on our rout neither. That's the Putney—"Arrer" rout; that is. 'Ere y'are. Any more for Cans, Bowloo and the Riveerer?



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.

NATIONAL STATUES FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS (WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE ESCAPE RECOGNITION).—No. 1.

The Times has proposed that a "Hall of Heroes" shall be erected as an annexe to Westminster Abbey, and it is rumoured that, should the Government fail to do the work, The Times itself may carry out the project as part of its Book Club Scheme. Only statues of subscribers would, of course, be admitted. It is even said that inquiries have already been addressed by The Times to several monumental masons with a view to getting an idea as to the cost of the scheme.

LILLIAN.

V.—THE INTRUSIONS OF HERBERT.

GRACE's idea of "helping" me with LILLIAN was to go up to town with ARTHUR and stay there; leaving LILLIAN and me alone in the country. (Except for LILLIAN's father, who is reading the *Encyclopædia* right through, and can hardly be said to count.) Of course we did some rather sporting things together, as I hope to show you, but the immediate result was the affair of the ducks; and as this is a matter somewhat on my conscience, I feel that it will be better to get it off at once by full confession.

GRACE amuses herself in the country by keeping ducks. In the ordinary way I am not allowed to do more than look at them. It is a very arbitrary line that she has taken up, and I suppose it is because she once found me feeding the goat out of my pouch. *Albert Edvard* was lapping up the mixture like anything, but I think GRACE's indignation was unnecessary; because, as I told her, I couldn't possibly afford to make it a regular occurrence—tobacco being the expensive thing it is. However, GRACE chose to take a lofty attitude about it, and said that in future I wasn't to touch any of her animals.

But when she went up to town for the winter, and left me in possession, she came down from the pedestal, and asked me as a special favour to take care of her ducks. I promised to do my best, and for a time, with LILLIAN's help, gave the ducklings quite a classy diet—things that could never have occurred to them when in the egg. There was one little chap in particular, *Cecilia* was his name, that shined splendidly, and increased an inch round the chest in three days. I give you my word.

When there is a tragedy looming, I hate the author who tries to break it gently to his readers. So let me say at once that LILLIAN had a dog called *Herbert* (after an uncle), and *Herbert* in the dead of night came round to me, and ate twelve ducklings, including *Cecilia*. I heard a row, and caught sight of the brute making tracks.

Next morning when I found the damage I wrote a very formal note to LILLIAN, asking what she proposed to do about it. She replied that she didn't propose to do anything, but would I let *Herbert* buy me twelve new ducklings?

I said, certainly, but they must really be new ones, and not old ones dug up.

Well, we got twelve more, and I didn't think GRACE would mind, because it hadn't been she who had been so keen on *Cecilia*. But the night after, *Herbert* came round again and ate them, which quite destroyed the effect of his little present. I sent for LILLIAN at once.

"Now then," I said, "what are you going to do? A week ago *Herbert* ate twelve of my ducks."

"But he saved up his pocket-money, and gave you twelve more," said LILLIAN.

"And then he ate those."

"Well, he paid for them."

"You can't have it both ways," I began.

and well-behaved dog, called *Herbert* after an uncle, taking health-giving walks around the pleasant country-side, and wherever the poor animal went somebody kept putting coveys of ducks in his way. And she added that there was such a thing as indigestion.

I said that there seemed to be two ways of regarding the situation.

LILLIAN said: "Bother the situation, what shall we say to GRACE?"

"There's nothing for it but the truth," I said.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked LILLIAN. "And we could have made up such a fine story about their having tried to swim the Channel, and the Kentish mermaid's gallant effort—that's *Cecilia*, you know—and—"

At this exciting moment the postman came.

"Now," I said, "here's a letter from GRACE. Listen. 'Dear old DICK, I do hope you and LILLIAN—' oh yes, well, that's not very interesting. We pass on to—yes, here we are. 'P.S.—How are the ducks?'"

I turned to LILLIAN.

"P.S.—How are the ducks?" I said, sternly.

"We—we shall have to ask *Herbert*, sha'n't we?" asked LILLIAN, doubtfully.

"I shall reply, 'P.S., *Herbert* has eaten ducks.'"

"She won't know who *Herbert* is. I have only had him a week."

"Why did you ever have him?" I said bitterly.

"I don't know. We aren't a bit fond of each other. I don't suit him somehow."

"You might punish him by calling him *Bert*," I suggested cruelly. I've noticed that there's only one adequate repartee to "*Bert*." And that's "*Alf*." So it must be pretty painful.

"No, I shall give him away," said LILLIAN.

"Who to?"

"I don't know. I leave it to you, partner in crime."

Well, I thought of various people, and finally suggested HAYLING. HAYLING is our Vicar, and collects dogs. He can't pronounce his "*r*'s," and by some extraordinary ill-luck all his dogs have rolling "*r*'s" in their names. I thought he would like a dog called *Herbert* for a change. Also HAYLING once proposed to LILLIAN. "Love me, love my dog," and so forth, you know.

"Mr. HAYLING?" said LILLIAN doubtfully. "I don't much care for him, DICK. He isn't a very nice man."



OVERHEARD IN THE PARK.

French Bulldog. "PARDON, MONSIEUR, YOU HAVE ZE TIE UP ZE BACK OF YOUR NECK."

"It isn't as though they were really your ducks," said LILLIAN.

"It isn't as though they were *Herbert's*," I said, "although he seems to think so."

"Don't get cross."

I wasn't getting cross, but there were one or two things I wanted to say, and I said them. I pointed out that here was my sister-in-law trying to breed ducks for profit or show purposes; that during her, I hoped only temporary, absence from the country she had left me in a position of great confidence and trust with regard to them—a trust that, through no fault of mine, she would feel to have been misplaced. And I added that there was such a thing as a dog whip and a good strong chain.

LILLIAN said that here was a quiet

"But Herbert isn't a very nice dog," I reminded her.

"Oh, well."

That evening I wrote to GRACE:

"P.S. The dog Herbert has eaten your ducks."

The next evening—there was no collusion, I swear it—LILLIAN wrote to GRACE. I give an extract:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. HAYLING has such a nasty, big, bad-tempered dog called Herbert, that is getting itself disliked. You know how fond of dogs he is. I'm sure Herbert spends the sermon in the vestry, he takes him everywhere. Isn't Herbert a ridiculous name for a dog? Do you remember my uncle HERBERT? You asked me what my new dog was like. He's a dear little fox-terrier. What shall we call him? Dick thinks Cecilia, but he's rather got Cecilia on the brain just now. I don't know who she is..."

I went up to town for one night and saw GRACE. I started about the ducks, and she said, very indignantly, "Never mention Mr. HAYLING's name to me again." Well, I wasn't particularly keen to. It isn't much of a name.

She'll get over it, of course. You can hardly live in a village without hearing the Vicar's name mentioned. But really, it's an unjust world.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Sultan of TURKEY has declined the Macedonian financial reform scheme which has been drafted by the Powers. We understand that HIS MAJESTY at the same time informed the representatives of the Powers that, if a naval demonstration should become necessary, he would be happy to review the fleets, as there is nothing he enjoys so much.

THE CZAR, it is said, wishes to base a new Constitution on the British model, but hesitates, as it might curtail the power of his successors. He has been seen lately in frequent consultation with his heir.

According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the position of Lord LANSDOWNE has been gravely shaken in London, and "the British public are demanding his retirement." It seems scarcely creditable to our own newspapers that the British public should be left to learn

such an important item of news from a foreign journal.

A Professor of Tokio University has issued an appeal for "English books by the best authors," and several writers have sent him a complete set of their works.

Members of *The Times* Book Club have the right to place the initials M. T. B. C. after their names.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to point out that NELSON was a notoriously bad shot. This, we sup-

Mr. JOHN MORLEY has described the Japanese Treaty as a leap in the dark. Yet the Rising Sun gives sufficient light for most people to jump by.

The fashionable complexion for ladies, according to a beauty specialist, is now a brown of the Japanese tint. It may be obtained, we are informed, by means of a good cold cream and some olive powder. A cheap substitute for those of the lower orders who wish to be in the movement is, we understand, brown boot polish with just a *soupeon* of treacle.

Though banished from the bookstalls of certain railways, it is unlikely, writes a correspondent, that the name of SMITH will die out along these systems for many a year to come.

The Master of the Eton Union Workhouse announces that the hot-water service is now in order, and that, in future, tramps will be required to take a bath on admission. The profession is most indignant, and protests against what it regards as a species of class legislation.

It is again rumoured that the Admiralty intend shortly to introduce drastic changes in the costumes of our sailors, and the pretty little low-necked blouse is said to be doomed.

The immortality of great artists is no empty expression. According to *La Vie Illustrée*, no fewer than 2000 pictures by the late MILLET were painted last year.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has published, in book form, 525 letters addressed by him at

various times to the Press, and states, in the Preface, that he believes that a similar volume has never before been issued. The excuse is generally held to be insufficient.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to ask, How is Trafalgar pronounced? The answer is, *Wrong*.

"Lost or strayed from —, SABLE COLLIE DOG, with white breast, neck, and two front feet."—*Manchester Evening News*.

The description seems inadequate for the purposes of identification. Nothing is said, for instance, as to whether the dog's tail was hanging down behind.



"GOOD 'EVING! 'ERE'S A NICE GO!"

"WOT'S UP NOW?"

"THIS YEAR'S CHAMPAGNE VINTAGE IS A FAILURE!"

pose, accounts for the statement we saw the other day to the effect that England need not fear that the supply of NELSONS will ever fail.

THE Finsbury Borough Council have agreed that in future Henry Street, Pentonville, shall be known as Grimaldi Street, the famous clown having been for years a resident in the district. We may yet live to see a Wilfrid Lawson Avenue.

THE Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has been fined once more for driving his motor-car above the speed limit. We should have thought that the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society would have been more careful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my retainers has been reading *Dan Leno*, by J. HICKORY WOOD (METHUEN & Co.), and reports as follows: Even those who only knew DAN LENO as he appeared on the stage felt a peculiar affection for him and were impressed, consciously or unconsciously, by something kindly and lovable beneath that wildly or pathetically absurd personality. And it is no small tribute both to author and subject of this biography to say that no one can read it without feeling that this impression was true; that DAN LENO was no less lovable off the stage than on it.

The hardships of his childhood and youth only gave him a kindlier sympathy for children. Prosperity, when it came, neither hardened his heart nor swelled his head.

A great part of the magnificent salary he received in his later years he gave away in charity—not always wisely—though, as Mr. WOOD relates, there were countless cases of real distress which he relieved with a generosity that, had it rested with him, would never have come to light.

Of his spontaneous and genuine humour, apart from his stage work, Mr. HICKORY WOOD gives abundant instances. Most delightful of all is the description of DAN LENO as Chairman at the Music-hall Benevolent Fund Dinner, with a tall and lugubrious toast-master, whom he accused of "clowning behind his back," and was perpetually turning round upon, in the well-affected hope of catching him in the act. "He's too quick for me," he explained with a sigh, after a prolonged scrutiny, which the other endured with unimpaired gravity."

The book is copiously illustrated by photographs, and those representing DAN in the costumes he wore at Covent Garden Bulls will come as a surprise even to those who remember his extraordinary skill in "making-up."

It was astonishing enough to the audiences who saw him as *Mother Goose* to find that he had suddenly transformed that quaint visage, with its deeply-lined creases, its small melancholy eyes lit by a gleam of goblin fun, and its extensive mouth, into the face of a young and lovely girl.

But who, without the evidence of these photographs, would have imagined that he could also disguise himself as a life-like Indian squaw, a quite sufficiently Shakspearean *Richard the Third*, or a really dignified and picturesque *Nelson*?

IN DAN LENO the stage lost a true artist and inimitable humorist, whose premature death has left us all the poorer in laughter. Only too often the fame of such a comedian survives him merely as an oral tradition which is received with incredulity by a rising generation that knew him not, and declines to take him on hearsay. One is glad to think that this is not likely to be the case with DAN LENO. Mr. HICKORY WOOD's excellently written volume should keep DAN's memory green for all who had the good fortune to see him on the boards, while to those who had not it will give some idea of the joy they have missed.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN breaks new ground in his latest novel, *Starvecrop Farm* (HUTCHINSON). He is equally successful in finding it fruitful of incident and character. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Windermere, of which there are many pleasant peeps. The period lies in the good old times, illuminated by the muskets fired at Peterloo upon a half-starved, altogether seditious mob. If my Baronite were in a complaining mood, he might suggest that the picture would have been more attractive were its sombre shade relieved by occasional lighter episodes. But Mr. WEYMAN set himself to tell a gruesome story, depicting the manners of the time, and has triumphantly succeeded. With admirable skill he throughout makes his heroine the pivot on which the action of the story moves. One of the best characters in the book is the red-waistcoated Bow Street runner, of whose combined shrewdness and ignorance a picturesque study is presented.

As readers of his masterpiece, *Tatterley*, know, Mr. TOM GALLON is a great hand at weaving a plot round a dual entity. In *Meg the Lady* (HUTCHINSON) it is two women whose personal appearance suggests an ingenious plot carried through to its happy end with unfailing energy and resource. That the whole business is essentially improbable does not detract from the interest of the story. As far as my Baronite is acquainted with their habits, ladies of title do not leave a comfortable home and go forth on an undesirable errand, leading them into dire peril in a London slum, from which they deliver themselves by slaying their assailant with a crack on the head delivered with the assistance of a fortuitously handy wine-bottle. In dedicating the book to a nameless woman, Mr. TOM GALLON avers that in the main details the story is true. That may be so. What is more to the point is that it is interesting.

A *Cumberland Vendetta* (CONSTABLE), by JOHN FOX, JR., is without very much substance, but the story moves swiftly, and there is colour in it. Its title may mislead the unsuspicious Briton. It is not a tale of the lakes and fells of his own Cumberland, but is located on the high banks of a river of that name in Kentucky, where the ashes of an old family feud, revived by the war of North and South, and still smouldering at its close, burst into final flame and so die out. Novelists of the New World should never be hard pressed for ambiguity in the choice of their titles. My Nautical Retainer ventures to offer a few suggestions—the geographical directions in parentheses not being designed for publication. Thus: *Called back to Rome* (Ga.); *A Sage of Athens* (Ala.); *The Ringing Plains of Windy Troy* (Pa.); *By the Waters of Syracuse* (N.Y., junction of Erie and Oswego canals); *On the Wires from Berlin* (Wis.); *The Lights of London* (Ont.). The principle might be extended to include the proper names of celebrities:—*The Truth about Bacon* (Va.); *In the Dark Places of Browning* (Ill.); *A Study of Reynolds* (Mo.); *The Expectations of Nelson* (O.); *Scots wha hae for Bonnie Dundee* (Mich.); *The Purging of Pitt* (N.C.); *The Last Phase of Napoleon* (Ark.).

The Cardinal Moth, by F. M. WHITE (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The Baron, in giving a certain qualified recommendation to this book, says, if those who love sensationalism at all hazards, can go pluckily through the earlier part of this story, they are pretty sure to find it to their liking, and will not blame the bard for thus drawing their attention to it.

The Baron welcomes a brilliant-covered picture-book, from Mr. Punch's Office; edited by E. V. LUCAS, illustrated by OLGA MORGAN, and entitled *Mr. Punch's Children's Book*. Now who are "Mr. Punch's children?" Or, rather, who are not? Such children don't exist. So let 'em all come. They will find the writing of this book so bright that the black-and-white cuts illustrating the first story by E. V. LUCAS are comparatively dull. The other illustrations are delightful, as, for example, "More of what *Amelia* used to think," and especially those to "*Belinda's Clock*," which are full of humour. But the literary sparkler which, without a single illustration, is a brilliancy all to itself, is "*The Tragedy of the Candles*." It is "a true story," and having just given you this hint the Baron congratulates those who shall become, by deed of gift or purchase, lawful possessors of copies of Mr. Punch's *Children's Book*.

